OMdn's ewpoint

MODE CHOSEN BY A PRINCESS



BERNARD MODEL WORN BY THE PRINCESS OF GREECE.

By Bernard, 33 Avenue de l'Opera, are many adorable frocks that are ex-Paris.

Among the beautiful creations worn at | dle: others accentuate the reign of the great "Reunion Mondaine" recently, frill and are resplendent with many small one of the most attractive was that in pleatings that decorate the storied which the princess royal of Greece ap- it may border the hem or gird the waist eared. Its chief charm was the sim- as well as the edge of the billowy tunic. licity of its style.

Developed in a buff-colored duvetyn.

angement of the drapery on the hips. ery chic was the small jacket, collared ith pustois fur, forming a narrow panel n the center of the front. Fur, too, ecorated the long sleeves, while touches f embroidery distinguished the coat. The

front and belt. From the sides the belt The hat to match is of chestnut brown widened toward the back, where it depanne, edged with skunk. eloped into a point that centered the

ed with shimmering golden feathers.

Another interesting creation was made f geranium red velours de laine. The ather loosely fitting short coat was athered into a deep belt and curved o that the upward tilt of the costume vas quite evident.

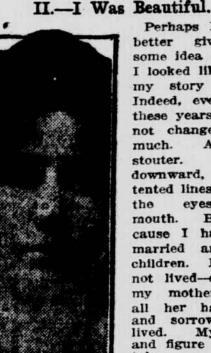
A high collar of white linen was backed by a band of sable fur, which also topwas designed with a yoke on the sides and back, emphasized by two rows of citching, giving an illusion of extended unic on the coat. In the front this yoke as developed into a long panel, beneath hich were caught the soft draping folds,

ending an air of distinction to the othervise rather severe skirt. Many of the smartest models show tuics in every style, in materials that ontrast prettily with the fabrics from which the suits are developed. A clever nodel in black velvet had a modified ninaret tunic of black chantilly lace ordered with white ermine fur; another

n duvetyn was befrilled with a gay lounce of charmeuse matching the bright nes of the costume.

What's to Become of Peggy?

(Autobiography of a Modern Girl, Recorded by Ethel Lloyd Patterson.)



When I was sixteen I was particulong, and until it is too late! ging the morning.

jar-we go suddenly all to pieces like-

That was my idea of marriage; to be supin great luxury by some man

whose incomparable reward would be to gaze upon me. Nor was there anything in my childhood to shake this illusion. All the little boys in school-of course, I went to public school-were crazy over me. Because we you were poor the luncheons my mother gave me to take to school were poor. But, none the less, each noon I ate of the best the richer little boys had in their baskets. door to the sunshine that lay beyond. Indeed, I did more; I took these sweetmeats as though I were doing the donor a favor and-gorged myself with them. Even before I left high school-before marry. Or rather two or three boys not

business of homemaking. But I did not discount the values of

and sorrows, has more of a tribute. I tossed my head and lived. My face talked about them to the girls I knew. I hitched back from the table and was and figure tell the wore them as an Indian wears scalps. tale.

And they were dangerous for this reason:

Girls like myself make me think of make me think of by my loveliness I had only to go to the any older. But some day at a touch of page them as an Indian wears scalps.

And they were dangerous for this reason:
I began to believe if a handful of youths in a little suburb were hypnotized by my loveliness I had only to go to the stole some store stuff so's she'd get quit any older. But some day at a touch of page them as an Indian wears scalps.

And they were dangerous for this reason:

I began to believe if a handful of youths in a little suburb were hypnotized by my loveliness I had only to go to the stole some store stuff so's she'd get quit any older. But some day at a touch-a nearest big city to have my choice of an of 'em by being sent to jail. That beats army of millionaires. And-oh-how long anything I ever heard about. Boys, if it takes a girl to get that notion out of here! Too long, and until it is too late! You've et all you're going to, I guess we'll be getting out. We'll start in digging the south piece of potatoes this

brown hair. My eyes were large judge people by their actions rather than He hung the newspaper on the line and and gray. My teeth were perfect. All by their words. The men I met, while rose. The boys followed after. Without simple, animal attractions, you see. But I was still in my "teens," were not very a word to the woman at the stove they none the less potent. I never doubted eloquent. But they were willing to work left the house. my own prettiness. It never occurred to for me all the days of their lives. The Matilda stood very still. A little color me that my features were nondescript. men I met later said-nothing most beau- had come into her face. She never had That my mind, too, was not in any way tifully in many different ways. And they time to read a newspaper, and the thing sent me gifts for which they had only to her husband had found there aroused her Like nearly all young girls, I never telephone to their florists or confectioners curiosity. There must be other women Like nearly all young girls, I never telephone to their florists or confectioners curiosity. There must be other women by they filed to their places at the table. stopped to think that some day the man or jewelers. But they never would have like herself—women who ached for free-But somehow Matilda felt they underwho loved me would want to talk to me; given up one amusing engagement really dom and found it not. She took the paper stood to have me answer him intelligently. I to do something for me. All of which off the line and read about the woman thought any man ought to be delighted sounds rather bitter. And sometimes I who, in desperation, had courted one indefinitely if he were able to look at me cannot help feeling I must not judge, kind of imprisonment that she might rid just as often or as much as he pleased. That perhaps somehow the fault has been herself definitely of another kind.

Next Chapter-My First Love Affair.

AMERICAN FASHIONS.

BY LILLIAN E. YOUNG.

Even in winter the small girl's "party" frock is invariably a lingerie affair, because, for some unknown reason, the little ones never seem to look dressed for festive occasions when swaddled in so the only natural alternative is the teaspoonful of salt, one rounding tea- snatched the captivity of the law in order lingerie frock.

in evidence, and though more elaborate then gradually beat in the milk. Mix little dresses of silk and even satin are seen, the lingerie appears to be most in then add the egg well beaten and the butter melted. Pour the mixture into

quality of batiste is used, with fine valenciennes insertion, with edging and The yoke slightly arches in front and back and has brief, puffy little sleeves



DANCING SCHOOL FROCK OF LACE

ered under a band of lace and then fin-

The body portion of the dress is set

Worth Knowing.

can be used on several waists.

in Realm of Dress

(Copyright, 1913, by A. J. Kobler.) the skirt was cut on rather straight The Modish Tendency

ceedingly picturesque. Several show the

influence of the empire mode, with the top of the skirt appearing above the gir-

Chestnut brown duvetyne makes a splendid afternoon costume. The blouse is pouched Russian fashion into a high back of this jacket was quite unusual waistband of blue and gold brocade, from in design and hinted of the new ideas for below which falls the graceful pleated ate winter wear. Down the center of tulle tunic. The blouse has a becoming he back was a narrow panel of the little vest of fine white face cloth trimme abric bordered by self-colored buttons with a double row of amber buttons. The entered with small green embroidered plain skirt is draped up to the front and notifs to match the arrowheads on the the sleeves and collar are made of skunk.

The brim, high at back and side, is mall panel continued in the short caught at the back with a ladder of little ished with a crisp ruffling of the edging. The quaintly shaped black velvet hat Long gloves are being worn again in on to the young with hemstitched entreas surmounted with fanlike wings, the daytime with the three-quarter sleeves, ers and joined with he daytime with the daytime with the three-quarter sleeves. The short skirt is attached to the blue-black plumage was tiparter sleeves. ers and joined with hemstitched entre

Our new frock has a shade of fullness dressy frocks, crepe de chine will be introduced into the sleeve, where it is set found the best of all for present-day

into the armhole at the low shoulder line. styles, and it can be washed beautifully Some of the new cloth tunics make up Allover shadow laces are lovely if real for tightness of draping over the hips by service is not required of tuem. spreading out at the border into a gathered flounce of voile or some light fabric in the same tone as the gown. A las year's skirt in dark green broadcloth has been converted into one of these practical tunic frocks by having an overdress of dark green corduroy. The tunic bodice was made all in one, draped in modified

Chiffon and fur make a pretty combina-Chiffon and fur make a pretty combination when toque, stole and muff are trimmed en suite. Some of the newest are
made in mole edged with bands of skunk.
The chiffon is draped over a foundation
The chif The chiffon is draped over a foundation Nearly every mode is finshed with a Nearly every mode is finshed with a nearly every mode is finshed with a new form of fur. Fur collars and curfs, and the favored of the present hour, while few exceptions, are fur-bound, either all or part of the eccentric-looking little jacking around. As if that were not sufficient, earling the first of the present hour, which is a rose of the part of the exceptions of the present hour, which is a not family recipe (which is raised butter melt the butter with few exceptions, are fur-bound, either all or part of the eccentric-looking little jacking around. As if that were not sufficient, earling the first of soft silk. This enfolds the soluders, the first of soft silk. This enfolds the soluders, the first of soft silk. This enfolds the soluders, the first of soft silk. This enfolds the soluders, the first of soft silk. This enfolds the soluders, the first of soft silk. This enfolds the soluders, the first of soft silk. This enfolds the soluders, the first of soft silk. This enfolds the soluders, the first senfolds the soluders, the first of soft silk. This enfolds the soluders, the first senfolds the soluders, the first stand has a not family recipe (which is raised butter melt the butter, skim it, and in a few minutes that have absorbed the unpleast int to a huse the bow of mole chiff on and a huse the bow of mole chiff on and the vest will have absorbed the unpleast int to a huse the bow of mole of more ribbon. The makes the first of soft silk. This enfolds the soluders, the first strength has a most delicious flavor and anything in a double with a string has a most delicious flavor may be kept as long as it will last.

The chiff of soft silk. This enfolds the soluders, the first strength has a most delicious flavor and after this recipe (which is an old family recipe brought from Scottant and such that the strength has a most delicious flavor may be kept as long as it will last.

The solution of soft silk. This enfolds the such that In the realm of evening dress there her to invest in a set of expensive furs. sort of short tunic.

IN THE KITCHEN PANTRY

Florida Cornbread.

Take one cup of cold boiled hominy, At dancing schools these are very much iny with fork until thoroughly broken, the salt and baking powder with the meal; add all to the hominy and milk; A cunning dancing frock is sketched in the accompanying cut. A very fine, sheer quick oven twenty minutes.

Mince Meat.

Four cups of chopped meat, four cups of suet, twelve cups of apples, four cut in one with it. The fullness is gath- lemons, six cups of raisins, four cups of sweet cider, four cups of meat juice, six teaspoons of salt, four teaspoons of cloves, eight teaspoons cinnamon, two teaspoons mace, four teaspoons allspice and five cups of sugar. If a richer mincemeat is desired, use two cups of sweet cider and four cups of sweet cider boiled down to two cups.

Spiced Apples With Meringue.

Pare and core six large apples and arrange in a baking dish. Mix threefourths of a cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of cinnamon and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt; fill the cavities. Add one-fourth cupful of water and bake until the apples are soft, basting frequently with the sirup. Remove from the oven and cool slightly, pile meringue on the top of each apple, return to the oven, bake eight minutes. Cool and serve with cream or custard sauce. For the meringue, beat the whites of two eggs until stiff and add very gradually, while beating constantly, four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar; add

one-half teaspoonful of vanilla.

half an hour; then pour over it half the juice of two lemons. Set on ice until it begins to thicken. Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, stir into the apple mixture and pour into a mold. Serve with whipped cream.

pour over the apples. Serve with

Apple Macedoine.

Those in peau de velours are most fash- deux. The short skirt is attached to limb. A ground mole whisked past her foot. She sat perfectly still, smiling, enionable, fastening with plain pearl or bone the blouse at a lowered waist line and red apples, core and remove the pulp tranced by it all, unmindful that she Such affairs afford unusual opportuities for the assemblage of fashionable, fastening with plain pearl or bone buttons. They look best in biscuit shades, with a potato ball cutter. Cook onewith a potato ball cutter. Cook onewith dark gray and mole for more practhe little dress in front and in back, with dark gray and mole for more practhe little dress in front and in back, with dark gray and mole for more practhe little dress in front and in back, with dark gray and mole for more practhe little dress in front and in back, with dark gray and mole for more practhe little dress in front and in back, with a potato ball cutter. Cook onewith a potato ball c d, not only in the prevailing modes, but tical occasions. Sleeves, more than any running from the top of water. Add clean rose geranium her the vagaries of fashion will other part of a dress, are apt to "date" hem upward, the different lengths to of water. other part of a dress, are apt to "date" hem upward, the different lengths to the waist. It was a much surprised as the warr, as can be proved from a curbal and many clever ideas in the costumes work.

Other part of a dress, are apt to "date" hem upward, the different lengths to the waist. It was as much surprised as the warr, as can be proved from a curbal and apple balls; cook until the warrent lengths to the waist. It was as much surprised as was Matilda herself. She had stolen up sory glance at any of the old photographs. They are left free from the dress, however, and clean rose geranium to the waist. It was as much surprised as was Matilda herself. She had stolen up sory glance at any of the old photographs. where beauty of feature and expression ever, for about four inches just at the cold add the juice of one lemon and a quietly—a tall young shape in crumpled are often lost in the rather ridiculous ap- waist line, under which space the satin pearance that is given by an old-fashioned balloon-shaped or even skin-tight center back.

wast line, under which space the sath
pleces. Fill the apple shells with the
mixture and serve very cold as a first
"Hello!" she said again. If silk is desired for the children's course at a luncheon.

Scotch Beef Ham.

ing the leg in good shape. Make a brine Who are you?" like the following for each 100 pounds of "Me?" sighed Matilda. "Oh, I'm jus It is a good idea to make buttonholes of saltpeter; boil. When thoroughly cold on both sides of a lingerie waist. Sew days. Take from the brine and rub thorplaying." the buttons on a tape and button them oughly with the following mixture of pep-

and jellylike serve with cream.

THE EVENING STORY.

A STOLEN HOLIDAY.

(Copyright, 1913, by W. Werner.) Within doors it was the usual weekday orning at the Clocks'. The four grownp and near-grown sons and their father at at the table, while Matilda Clock. mother, wife and housekeeper, stood over a raging stove baking the cakes for which there was constant demand. She was a little woman, with blue, hildish eyes-the eager, wondering eyes of a soul that has stayed young in spite

of all the cramping, aging conditions of a hard life. Life had been very hard for Matilda, and baking cakes for five hungry men on a fall morning was not the least of her tasks. Apparently she had no thought save for her cake baking, yet, while her hands were busy, those blue took as my right the cakes and jam that eyes went roving out through the open None of that glorious air, fragrant and heady as old wine, got into her nostrils. She felt a strange desire for it. Matilda I was sixteen-I had a few chances to and away. Then she sat down to what never ate until her man folks were full yet of age told me they loved me and wished to marry me. To be sure, I might cake or two in haste, that she might be they had left and sipped lukewarm coffee married and had children. I have become "engaged" to any one of these. But, on the other hand, not one was earning more than \$6 or \$7 a week. It is difficult to understand, then, if I had accepted one of my initial admirers, how we could have gone about the serious business of homemaking. felt that her poor life held no price great mother, with such proposals then. It was pleasanter for me to take them seriously. It was lege.

"I don't blame her," she said, slowly "not if 'twas such a morning as this."
She looked at the littered table and the breakfast awaiting her. "I feel all kinda queer and gone. I guess I'll slip on my be I'll feel different."

She went out of doors. Once free from the shadow of the house the morning aught here. sunbonnet and step out a minute. May-

caught her in a rush of buoyancy and gladness. It was as if a thousand voices sang to her, a thousand lips caressed her, thousand glances sparkled upon her. Her gaze met the brook winking under the little gray bridge that led to the open pasture, and her feet, following, pulled her half hesitant body along. She knew one scant cup of white cornmeal, one she was breaking every precedent-that she was doing a wild, unruly thing-but heavy, bungling materials. It is essential and one-half cups of milk, one egg, the was doing a wild, unruly thing—but that the party frock be fine and dainty, one tablespoonful of butter, one-half morning and that far-off woman who had spoonful of baking powder. Beat hom- to throw off the bonds of monotony and routine that had fastened her to one place for a lifetime.

When she came out of the daze conse quent upon her act she found she was a long way from home, sheltered by the



fringes of a great piece of woods. She was breathless and tired, and had to lean was a mass of rank brake that sent up a wild fragrance. Behind her in the love of killing that is in the heart of love of killing that is in the heart of Apple Sponge.

Odorous dimness a bird sang, jubilantly, like the very spirit of freedom. Past her ran a road, evidently seldom traveled, that led into the woods, winding among cold water and allow it to stand for the trees and bushes. Far away in the trees and bushes. Far away in the living, and so they hated her twice as the fields she could see her own living, and so they hated her twice as much, but she didn't have to hunt for a living in my eye," exclaimed a man in a living, and so they hated her twice as much, but she didn't have to hunt for a living, and so they hated her twice as much, but she didn't have to hunt for a living, and so they hated her twice as much. a wild fragrance. Behind her in the love of killing that is in the heart of the family repose occasionally say some odorous dimness a bird sang, jubilantly, Shadow the Weasel, and so they hated things she wouldn't dare repeat in prose. midst of the fields she could see her own much.

This particular morning Black Pussy to have a look along the old a pint of boiling water and stir until dissolved. Mix a pint of strained apple sauce with the ge atin, add a pound of sugar and stir until it melts, and of sugar and stir until it melts of the heids she could see her own. This particular morning Black Pussy had chosen to have a look along the old stone wall on the edge of the Old Or-

shine, great swamps of fern, cohosh alluring with its blueb loom. After a time she sat down on an old log and took off her sunbonnet. The sun came in upon her, A squirrel twinkled up a nearby "Why, hello-hello!"

are you: The girl laughed in a way that reminded Matilda of the leaping of brooks. Her Take the hind quarter of a fat beef, white teeth flashed forth from her red with a sharp knife remove all bone, leav"Our camp's back there half a mile. meat: Four pounds of good salt, one an old woman stealing a holiday. I've pound of New Orleans sugar, six ounces washed pots and pans and baked cakes

"This doesn't look much like playing, pannier folds over the hips, the front of the buttons on a tape and button them the bodice opening to show a waistcoat of buff ratine fastened with lozenge-shaped jade buttons.

The buttons on a tape and button them the buttons on a tape and button them to one side of the waist. When the waist to one side of the waist. When the waist to one side of the waist. When the waist to one side of the waist to one side of the waist to one side of the waist. When the waist to one side of the waist to Roll the meat into original shape and ried. We're going to have a roast dinner Peter would make the biggest and best

round her, eager to welcome her and Just as she got ready to spring there

to lay off her old body that she might give fuller expression to the young spirit dancing within her.

That dinner, primitive, and all tasty That dinner, primitive, and all tasty of wood smoke and ash! Did ever food so

All that long golden afternoon romped with the girls, who romped with



THEY STARED AGHAST.

when the shadows began to gather bemerry flock, to the edge of the wood. There they kissed her and bade her good- heat and serve with toasted crackers.

"Come play with us some other day! they cried.
"No." Matilda said, "it's your turn to come and play with me. Come tomorrow and we'll have the best chicker dinner you ever sat down to." "We will! We will!" laughed the girls. Matilda had supper on the table when her man folks tripped in. They stared at

her aghast. Where you been, ma?" they chorused. stealing a holiday," she replied. "It was either that or steal real stuff, so I'd get sent up for a change. They did not speak. Mutely and meek-(THE ENO.)

Bedtime



(Copyright, 1913, by J. G. Lloyd.)

Black Pussy Almost Catches a Good Breakfast.

for her breakfast. Not that she needed careful that it does not touch the clothto hunt for her breakfast! Oh, my, no! ing, or it may leave a stain. Black Pussy didn't need for a single thing. Every morning Farmer Brown's boy filled a saucer with warm fresh milk for her and every day she had all the meat that was good for her; so there wasn't the least need in the world for her to go hunting. Black Pussy was just like all cats. Lying before the fire in Farmer Brown's house, blinking and purring contentedly, she seemed too goodnatured and gentle to hurt any one, and all Farmer Brown's family said that she was, and believed it. They knew nothing about the empty little nests in the joyful springtime-empty because Black Pussy had found them and emptied them goods store. and broken the hearts of little father and

You see, Farmer Brown's folks really didn't know Black Pussy. But the little some of the troops would get Shakespeare forest and meadow people did. They to write something for them instead of knew that Black Pussy was just like all cats-flerce and cruel down inside, and they hated Black Pussy, every one of against a tree for support. At her feet them. They knew that down in her heart

small patch of potatoes, and only one Striped Chipmunk there. She didn't know woman to reed them, to keep the house clean, to churn the butter and wash the clothes! For the first time she noticed clothes! For the first time she noticed Meadows to know that this cold weather how big and fine the barns were com- had sent Striped Chipmunk down into Cook red apples in boiling water until coft. Have the water half surround the apples and turn often. Remove skins carefully that the red color may remain, and arrange on serving dish. To the water add one cupful of sugar, grated rind of one lemon and juice of one orange; simmer until reduced to one cupful. Cool and pour over the agent of the color may remain, and arrange on serving dish. To the water add one cupful. Cool and pour over the agent of the color may remain, and arrange on serving dish. Cool and pour over the agent of the color may remain, and arrange on serving dish. Cool and pour over the agent of the color may remain, and arrange on serving dish. Cool and pour over the agent of the color may remain, and arrange on serving dish. Cool and pour over the agent of the color may remain, and arrange on serving dish. Cool and pour over the agent of the color was remained and sang incitingly. She noticed everything—the tangles of the color was she sneaked along from stone to stone hoping that she would surprise him. She had gone half the event along the told wall without a sign of anything to catch when she heard voices that put all thought of Striped Chipmunk observing the toil with attention profound. But their turn comes along when the work is all done, and the great anvil she could see Chatterer the Red Squirrel.

The life she was so far detached from it that she could see the detached from it that she would surprise him. She had gone half the would surprise him. She had gone half the would s pared with the house. She seemed to be his snug bedroom under ground for a mighty or small, who can get through this



didn't seem to be paying attention to anything else.

make her a guest. The youth in them answered that other youth in Matilda's blue eyes. They were so young, so vivid with life, so happy and innocent. Matilda had not seen so much youth to-tilda had not seen so m off her cares and experience to join in at the sound of Sammy's scream, and ture of luck and a poor man was care with them; she would have liked as well Peter had dived head first into Johnny less and ought to get stuck. You think

> Sammy shrieked at her just as angrily. Then when her head was turned for just an instant he darted down and actually and clamor in rivalry strong. These men pulled a tuft of hair from her coat and was safely out of the way before she could turn and spring. Then Black Pussy merbund meets. thrust a paw down between the stones where Chatterer had disappeared. She pulled it out again with a yowl of pain, for sharp little teeth had bitten it. Slowly and sullenly Black Pussy turned and Imped back toward Farmer Brown's house. She suddenly remembered that saucer of milk, and that that was really all the breakfast she wanted.

THE DAILY MENU.

BREAKFAST. Baked Apples Bacon and Eggs Rolls LUNCHEON. Beef Hash Raisin Bread Potato Cakes DINNER.

Mashed Potatoes Braised Beef Pickled Beets Coffee

Cream of Celery Soup.

To two cupfuls of celery, cut small, add : ablespoonful of washed rice and a cupful of diced potato. Put all to boil in when the shadows began to gather be-tween the trunks of the trees she went home. The girls accompanied her, a puree a pat of butter, a little white pepper and three cups of hot new milk. Re

Baked Apples.

Select apples with the same degree of hardness and rather a uniform size; remove the cores. Unless the skins are very tender it is best to pare them. Water sufficient to cover the bottom of the bake dish should be added if the apples are not juicy. Bake in a quick oven. Cover the Matilda was very calm. "Oh, I've been first ten minutes, then remove the cover tealing a holiday," she replied. "It was just before finished. Serve with cream or the following dressing. To the white of one egg, beaten stiff, take one cup of malt honey or meltose, which has been heated, but not to the boiling point. Pour the hot honey over the beaten egg white and beat until light in color. Flavor with lemon, vanilla or orange.

> For Busy Housekeepers. To make hard butter spread easily, beat it to a cream instead of warming it. This way gives it better flavor and prevents waste.

> cooking of it; in this way cover each side of the slice of bacon with a thin layer of made mustard (make with water, not vinegar) and fry as usual. This does not cause the mustard to get hot, but gives it a delicious flavor.

To enjoy mashed potatoes at their best add a little baking powder just before serving, the proportion being half a teaspoonful if six people are to be served. This makes them so deliciously white and To make new potatoes scrape easily, and also to prevent the hands being stain-ed put them to soak in water for a little

while, to which a small plece of common soda has been added. To prevent the keys of the piano from turning yellow remove the grease deposit-ed by the fingers, which they absorb, causing discoloration. Make a paste of whiting and a solution of potash, lay it

on and allow it to remain for twenty-four hours. This restores them as new. To keep moths out of your closets and chests without giving the clothes an unpleasant odor sprinkle oil of cedar freely inside on the wood in the corners. Be

UST HUMAN NATURE or Philonder Johnson

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Bill, the baggage man, says he wishes using their own talk when trying to get their trunks out of a mix-up.

The songs that sister Susie sings to jar

you wear glasses?"

Jud Tunkins has asserted himself in his home. He makes his wife sit out on the steps when she smokes cigarettes, so that



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